

Some Fall Fishing

By C. B. LEWIS

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The doctor in the city had told Miss Gertie Ashford to stay in the country as long as she could, on account of the state of her throat, and that was why she was yet at her grandmother's when mid-September came.

It hadn't been a very lively summer for the girl. She had taken long walks. She had fussed with the old-fashioned flowers; she had sought in vain to win the confidence of the chipmunks and rabbits which came about, and she had hunted for quail nests in the wheat fields. There was one sport, however, she had not participated in. There was a creek meandering its way over the country and crossing the highway a few rods below the house, and in that creek were fish at least as long as her finger. She knew it, because she had seen them, and because a neighbor's boy twelve years old had told her:

"Why, of course there are fish—slackers and slathers of 'em, and they are achin' to be caught, just as a cat aches for cream. Haven't hauled out more'n a hundred this summer."

"But I was taught in Sunday school that it was wicked to catch fish," was protested.

"Humph! Would we have codfish cakes if folks didn't go a-fishin'?" The boy rigged up a line and pole for her, and Miss Gertie went fishing. He stood on the bank with her for a while to advise:

"Now, lower your hook!"

"Now, stop wobbling the pole!"

"Now, don't you dare breathe!"

"Now, shet your eyes and say your prayers, for there's a fish as long as a rail comin' for your hook!" When half an hour had passed and the fisher hadn't had a nibble yet, the boy wandered away in disgust. At the end of the second half-hour Miss Gertie said to herself:

"I know why I don't have any luck. It's because the fish can see me. I'll play a trick on them."

Thereupon she stuck the end of the pole into the bank and left the hook to do its own fishing while she retired to the house for a rest. Ferrers Yorke, the author and artist, was planning a new story. The opening chapters would tell of a meadow, a brook, a bridge and a pretty girl, and the girl would be fishing in that brook. The author was great on local color, and he had come out into the country to find the spot that another would have to imagine. He was quite sure that he could find all but the girl with a fishpole in her hands, and there was one chance in a thousand that he would find her. He had discovered two or three brooks, bridges and meadows when his search brought him to the willows opposite to where Gertie stood.

A rash young man would have stalked out of the bushes with a hello and a wave of his hat, and waded the brook and asked how many fish had been caught, and how many had got away. Mr. Yorke was not rash. He did not betray his presence among the willows. Not that he was a spy by nature, but that, having found his heroine, he must study her a bit.

The heroine of a story must have auburn hair which the sunshine turns to gold.

She must have a neck like a swan, though not as long.

She must have a Grecian nose—not the sort you see around the Greek restaurants of New York, but one made to order in Athens and sent on packed in pink cotton.

Her eyes must be like stars. The stars worn by constables are excluded from the contest.

Her form must be divine, which means it must not be molded on the lines of a sack of flour.

She must have twinkling feet. She should sing as she fished.

Did the girl across the creek from the artist fill the bill? Yes, and more. She was a sylph—a houri—an angel.

With her for a heroine that story would go like buckwheat cakes on a winter's morning. Even when she became discouraged about the fish and turned away with a shrug of her shoulders, he was delighted with the shrug.

An artist and an author has two souls, as we all know. One is a dream soul, and can hear the whispers of the angels with every breeze that blows through a patch of bull-thistles—the other gives him a proper appetite for a boiled dinner.

When Mr. Yorke had looked upon Gertie with one soul, he laid it aside to look with the other. The girl went away, but she would return. She would confidently expect to find something on her hook. If there was not a victim she would be disappointed.

How a farmer's cast-off boot came to be lying on the farther bank in plain sight is a mystery to be explained some other time. In days gone by a bear might have overtaken him at that spot and devoured everything but the boot. For the two-souled artist to leap the brook and seize the boot and make it fast to the fishhook and leap back among the willows was the work of three minutes.

The angels cannot look down and witness such base tricks and punish them, but there is generally a small boy around to see and to give things away. In this case it was the small

boy who had left the spot an hour before. He was returning to see what luck Gertie had had. He came stealthily, and he saw all, and he said to himself:

"Gee, but don't I wish I was as big as a house, so that I could give that chap a licking!"

He waited in hiding to see what the girl would do when she returned. She came slowly. She thought she saw the fishpole quiver. She seized it and flung the "fish" on to the grass behind her. She had just discovered what it was, and was looking at it in wonder, when the small boy left his lair to say:

"I saw the guy when he done it!" "Did some one put this old boot on my hook?" she asked.

"He did, Miss, and he's right over there in the willers!"

Gertie walked down to the bridge and over it and up the bank to the clump of willows, where the two-souled artist crouched. He saw her coming, but there was no escape for him. He straightened up and raised his hat.

The girl looked him up and down with contempt, and he felt obliged to say:

"I did it as a joke!"

"Are you what is called a comic supplement to a Sunday paper?" was asked.

"I'm sorry I did it."

"Oh, don't apologize. There are men of all sorts of caliber, you know!"

"But—"

But Gertie had turned her back on him and was walking away. When she rejoined the boy, the latter said:

"Say, that guy is stopping over at Farmer Turner's. Do you want me to go over there and lick him? You made his knees wobble, but I can make his hair stand up."

"I guess he got enough," was the reply, and yet the girl did not congratulate herself upon her victory.

Had it been such a great crime after all?

Wouldn't almost anyone else have taken it as a joke?

Couldn't she have taken it as a joke but for the small boy?

The "guy" was good-looking and a gentleman. A gentleman sometimes jokes as well as other sorts of men. He had said he was sorry, and would have gone further if she had consented to listen. He had blushed and been confused, and had gone away as if looking for a hole to hide in.

Miss Gertie had a temper quick to flash and quick to cool off again, and by the next morning she had made reasonable excuses for the joker. So it was with the small boy. His father had said it was a good joke, and his mother had smiled at it, and the lad had come to feel it a duty to go over to Turner's and tell the guy that he was sorry he had given him away. He was on his way to Turner's across the fields, when he caught sight of Gertie on the highway. She was in the old buggy and behind the old horse which her grandmother had owned for nearly twenty years. She was headed for the village and the postoffice.

A quarter of a mile beyond the girl was the "guy." He was running down the hill and waving his hat at her.

"Now, then, is that feller crazy?" asked the small boy of himself, as he mounted a stump to see the better.

From the brow of the hill the artist had seen a pair of horses and a wagon coming on the dead run. He had instantly realized that the driver of the lighter vehicle would not take the alarm until too late. He was within five rods of her when he recognized Gertie, and as he reached the head of the old horse he grasped the bridle and fairly dragged the outfit into the ditch. As it was, a wheel was taken off the old buggy and the girl thrown out. She was somewhat bruised and terribly scared, and, of course, Mr. Yorke had to assist her to the house, while the small boy remained on the spot to pick up the pieces and assure old Dobbin that he had had the escape of his life.

That evening the same small boy called on Gertie to see if she had any toes broken and to add:

"Did you give the guy any more fits?"

"Why, no," was replied.

"Do you think him nice?"

"I—I think so."

"Is he a hero?"

"He must be."

"Then you'll marry him, of course, and I'll be left high and dry! That's what a boy gets for showing a girl how to go a-fishing and catch an old boot!"

Revolutionizing Salmon Industry.

Construction of power plants that will cost \$8,000,000 and that will revolutionize the salmon packing industry in the whole Columbia river basin, are forecasted by application of McGowan (Wash.) packers for power development sites on the Deschutes river in Oregon.

Applications for 8,000 cubic feet of water rights in all have been filed, and plans have been prepared for two gigantic dams, one 118 feet high, 300 feet long at the bottom and 800 feet long at the top, and the other 238 feet high, 90 feet long at the bottom and 420 feet at the top.

Power generated by the water impounded behind these dams will be used to run salmon canneries and tinplate plants in which the cans will be made.

Some Philosophy.

"We don't know what we're fighting for," complained a Prussian private.

"What's the difference?" rejoined another. "We wouldn't ever get it anyhow."

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WHY UNCLE SAM CHOSE ROCKFORD.

"Dry Rockford, Ill., has the reputation of buying and consuming more groceries than any other city of like population in the United States," says Frank S. Regan. "When we quit drinking we all went to eating."

"Stores that used to rent for \$50 per month now rent in best locations for \$200 to \$300 per month."

"Twenty thousand people came to Rockford before the army camp came here and they came from all over the country. The fact Rockford was dry was very often stated as the reason they came. Wet cities in this part of the state saw the handwriting on the wall and went dry themselves. The Nelson hotel which had a bar and was sore because some \$16,000 revenue was cut off when we voted prohibition, instead of going 'busted' went 'full' of guests, saw several new hotels go up in Rockford and is now building a fire-proof addition to double its capacity. Plans are being drawn for other and better hotels than all of them. Grocery stores had thousands of dollars on their books as bad debts and dead-beat accounts galore when we had saloons. Now they are selling for cash instead of credit and one grocery collected \$11,000 worth of dead-beat accounts out of a total of \$13,000 without the assistance of an attorney. Money rolled into the banks until they built a nice new bank building to house a brand-new national bank, and so it goes."

"Saloonkeepers have all settled down in other lines of business and are prospering in their new fields or are living off the increase of real estate values and rents."

"Every man and woman in America who has a son in Camp Grant is more than pleased their son is located in a dry town."

"And so is your Uncle Sam."

THE NATION PAYS THE PRICE.

He was twenty-one; was 5 feet 11 inches tall; weighed 165; had scarcely known a sick day; was morally clean, physically perfect; did not know the taste of intoxicating liquors; was the joy of his mother, the hope of his father, the ideal of his friends.

He volunteered.

Uncle Sam received him with open arms and put him in the front line of battle. Today he fills an unknown grave.

II.

He was twenty-one; was 5 feet 11 inches; weighed 165; was morally unclean; was physically weak; was the habitue of the saloon; drank every day and was often drunk; was the sorrow of his parents; had no real friends.

He was drafted.

Uncle Sam marked his unsteady eye, depraved face, whisky breath, cigarette fingers, unsteady hand, the germs of immoral disease; said, "Stand aside, you are unfit."

And he is left at home to help breed another generation.—J. K. S. in American Issue.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR AMERICA.

Mr. Edwards, M. P., recently stated at an assembly of the Scottish Temperance league, Glasgow, that at a recruiting meeting he was approached by a young man, who asked whether government would look after the wives and children of those who enlisted? He was assured that government would. He enlisted, and was passed on in due course to the trenches, where, after months of good service, he was wounded, and then returned home on furlough. On his way back to the front he called at the House of Commons and asked for Mr. Edwards. "He refused to shake hands with me," said that gentleman, "and asked: 'What have you done for our homes? I left a happy home—I came back to find my wife a drunkard, my children neglected, my home broken up. You expect us to put our bodies between you and your enemies, but you will not put even a trench between the drink enemy and our homes.'"

PERILS OF BEER DRINKING.

It is difficult to find a beer drinker forty years of age with a normal liver, kidneys or heart. These vital organs, from the excessive burden that is thrown upon them, wear out prematurely. The beer drinker may have an abundance of flesh, but it is of inferior quality. Surgeons do not care to operate upon him, because the chances of recovery are minimized.

"Should the beer drinker be stricken down with pneumonia or some other febrile disease that taxes the heart and kidneys, he would have but three chances out of ten to make a recovery.—Dr. D. H. Kress in the Sunday School Times.

NO LOSS IN REVENUE.

The loss of liquor revenue by the enactment of a prohibition law by Newfoundland, making illegal the importation and sale of intoxicating liquor after December 31, 1918, has not resulted in a decrease in the revenues of that country. The revenue for the calendar year 1917, amounting to \$4,442,476, was greater by \$25,807 than that for 1918, when liquors were still being imported.

"Intoxicants pull apart. The call of the times is—Together."

TENNESSEE NEWS IN BRIEF

Interesting Events From Many Cities and Towns

Humboldt.—Postmaster J. W. McGlathery of Humboldt has obtained an agreement from every business house in town to accept war savings stamps and thrift stamps from every postoffice employee in payment for all bills made during the month of June. As the local office employs about 20 men on good salaries, this movement will boost the sale of stamps to a considerable extent for the month of June. This lead may be followed by other employers of labor for other months, taking one factory a month.

Memphis.—The local officials of the United States food administration, at a hearing, ordered the bakery of P. Riddiatt, 269 North Main street, closed for a period of one week. This order followed a continued non-observance of the directions of the food administration, which require bakers to make correct weekly reports regarding the quantity of wheat flour, substitutes and other commodities used in their business.

Murfreesboro.—Porter E. Compton, reported as severely wounded in France, is a son of Ed Compton, a farmer formerly residing on the Hall's Hill pike, but now living on the Ben Batey farm, off from the Laacassas pike. The young man is about 25 years of age and enlisted in the regular army about three years ago. The family is a well-known and substantial one in this county.

Camden.—Gov. Tom C. Rye will speak here at the courthouse in the interest of the Red Cross war fund. The ladies of this place are making all necessary arrangements for the parade and indications are that there will be a large crowd present. The merchants of Camden have agreed to close their places of business from 1:30 to 2:30 and will hear Gov. Rye speak.

Milan.—The picking and shipping season of the berry crop of Milan and vicinity has closed. Prices were good from the first to the end of the season. Growers realized much money from the crop, notwithstanding there was only about 40 per cent of a crop, having been killed by the April frost. The crop was shipped in carload lots to eastern markets by the local buyers.

Jackson.—On April 27 \$600 was stolen from the home of William Andrew, this city, and a young colored girl, 13 years old, an employee of the home, was arrested charged with the crime. She confessed and implicated others. Four hundred and fifty-five dollars of the money was recovered. The confessed thief was turned over to the juvenile court.

Knoxville.—East Tennessee counties, Greene in particular (and Greene is one of the best agricultural counties in the state), report that wheat is falling in the fields. A sample of this fallen wheat was forwarded from Greene county to the state pathologist, who diagnosed the disease as due to the effects of joint worms.

Dyersburg.—The dredgeboat Marion arrived here from St. Louis ready to dig the North Forked Deer drainage ditch, which begins at the Gibson county line and continues to Dyersburg. The ditch is 26 miles long and drains a fertile section of country. A. V. Willis & Son of St. Louis are owners of the boat and have the contract for the ditch.

Henderson.—The Red Cross drive was carried out in Henderson county under the direction of John S. Fielder, county chairman. Speakers from the legal, ministerial, teaching and commercial professions wholeheartedly gave themselves to the campaign and touched every nook and cranny of the county.

Jackson.—The celebrated murder case from Gibson county, styled Sam Taylor vs. State, was argued in the supreme court, with Attorney W. W. Herron of Trenton representing the defendant and Assistant Attorney General W. H. Swigart the state.

Jackson.—Thomas E. Gates, evangelical singer, known well in Tennessee and adjoining states, died suddenly in Hot Springs, according to a message received by his father, Capt. T. M. Gates.

Johnson City.—All negroes have left Erwin following the riot attending the burning of the dead body of Tom Devert, mob leaders having ordered every negro to leave town immediately.

Chattanooga.—As an innovation in local industrial circles, 20 girls, representing a high type of womanhood, donned overalls and went to work for a local manufacturing plant in its shops.

Capleville.—A Red Cross anniversary rally was held here, which carried Capleville away over the top on the quota assigned to it for the second war fund campaign. The allotment for Capleville was \$250. The collection taken at the rally netted \$725 for the fund.

Jackson.—The West Tennessee Medical and Surgical association, which embraces all of West Tennessee, and which had Jackson for its permanent meeting place and home for a number of years, was in session here.

Calomel Loses You a Day's Work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone Instead

Read my guarantee! If bilious, constipated or head-achy you need not take nasty, sickening, dangerous calomel to get straightened up.

Every druggist in town—your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist.

Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle doesn't cost very much, but if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only

to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Adv.



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Gothen, Ind., U.S.A.

Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.

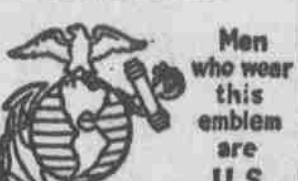


Join Now!

APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE

for

SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM



Men who wear this emblem are U.S. MARINES

CONSTIPATION IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE

It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ill and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unheeded. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for the most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

Force of Habit. "Say, Maggie, what has become of that drug clerk who was paying you such marked attention?"

"I guess he thought I was a bottle of medicine. He shook me."



Take Care of Your Horses! Nothing else will do as much to keep them in fine condition as Dr. David Roberts' PHYSIC BALL and HORSE TONIC.

Physic Ball and Horse Tonic. Once every three months—makes a sleek coat, prevents worms, etc. Read the Practical Horse Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 150 Grand Avenue, Westfield, Wis.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Fleas anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of natural, safe material, repels all insects, kills all others. Guaranteed effective. Ask for HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Daisy Fly Killer. Sold by druggists, or a mail order by express, prepaid, \$1.00. Guaranteed effective. Ask for HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Cano HOME CANNER. FREE 40-page book containing recipes; details Canoe Water Seal Steam Canner; its different, takes less fuel on any stove; operates on half pint of other canners. Quick, safe, self-regulating; use jars or cans. Guaranteed. Write Box 3168, FLORIDA METAL PRODUCTS CO., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Goes to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

W. N. U., MEMPHIS, NO. 22-1918.

Never That. "Women have suffered everything."

"Everything but one thing—the torture of keeping silent."

Home, in its analysis, is not an anchor, but the whole harbor.

Libby's Vienna Sausage

A Favorite Dish Everywhere

Prepared from dainty bits of choice, selected meat, skillfully seasoned and cooked by Libby's own expert chefs—these sausages have that delicacy of flavor, yet spicy zest that makes them favorites everywhere.

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Order Libby's Vienna Sausage today. You, too, will find it a savory, satisfying dish, and so easy to prepare!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago